The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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From the Little Corporal.

Cradle Song.

SOFT and low, soft and low,
The wind from the sweet south blows,
Over the fields of clover white,
Over the June red rose.
Dip down! dip down! sweet wind of the south,
And kiss my darling's rosy mouth.

Hushed and soft, hushed and soft,
The dawn of the twilight falls
Over the crest of the dimpled hills,
Over the castle walls.
Float in! float in! O soft twilight,
And close my darling's eyes so bright.

Fair young moon, silver moon,
Cradled in realms afar,
New-born queen of the regal night,
Crowned with a radiant star,
Look down! look down thro' the vine-wreaths now,
And crown my darling's snow-white brow.

Murmur low, sweet and low,
Stream of the silver tongue;
Sing the song of the dreamy tune
With the musical ripples strung.
Whisper it low in my darling's ear,
As you sing to the woods when the night draws near.

Angel of sleep, softly sweep,
Open the golden door
That shuts on the wonderful river of dreams,
With the dawn on its farther shore.
Clasp lightly my darling's milk-white hand,
And lead her through the enchanted land.

Safely watch, safely watch
Over my darling's rest;
Thou who wert once a tender babe,
Clasped to a mother's breast,
Lead my lamb o'er the sin-tracked world,
Safe and pure to the heavenly fold.

E. S. Maxwell.

For the Myrtle.

Sowing and Reaping.

GEORGE was sadly puzzled. "Now, mother," said he, "what *do* people mean? You know those Willis boys, Aleck and Tom? Well, they've been arrested the second time for robbing stores, and one of them is sent to a reform school and the other is to be sent into the country to work with a farmer; and I heard Mr. Smith say that they were bright boys, and after they had done sowing their wild oats, would make smart men. Then last night father was reading in a magazine, and I heard something about boys sowing wild oats in the college yard. Now I know it isn't real oats; but what is it all about?"

"Well, George," said his mother, "you know that the students are often arrested for wrenching off people's signs and making hideous noises at night, and many of them drink wine and brandy and smoke cigars; and these things are set down by thoughtless people as mere sowing wild oats. But those who fancy there is no harm done in this way are sadly mistaken. Now, George, when you plant your garden, if you wish for tulips and pinks, you don't sow lettuce seed. If the farmer wants corn, he plants corn and nothing else. Your mind is like a garden — if it is not cultivated it will run to

weeds. Your heart, too, is like a garden — if the seeds of envy, cruelty and revenge are suffered to flourish, they will overshadow your good qualities. So your body is composed of many chemical substances, but no chemist has been able to discover in a healthy body any alcohol or nicotine. Now, nobody would use tobacco if the nicotine, which is the stimulating part of it, was previously extracted, and no one would drink wine, beer or brandy if they did not contain alcohol. These substances are simply poisons; and after being taken into the system no medicine can ever fully restore one to health. No vicious youth ever makes a healthy, happy man. He may repent, but repentance is always bitter, and he will suffer all his life the consequences of his intemperance and wrong-doing. There are a great many beautiful texts of Scripture which I wish you to learn; but whenever you hear people talk of sowing wild oats, remember this: 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'" *A. S. T.*

"What's the Use of Fraiden?"

Now, I expect you will say, "What a funny word that is in the title! What does it mean?" Well, I will tell you a little story, and perhaps when I get through you will see what it means.

I knew a little boy, some years ago, who never liked to own that he was afraid of anything. He thought it did not look manly to be afraid. He always slept with an elder brother, and one night the brother was absent from home, and Master Freddy had to sleep alone.

"Freddy," said his mamma the next morning, "weren't you afraid last night?"

"Not a bit, mamma," said he. "What's the use of *fraiden?*"

Sure enough, what is the use? Nothing could hurt the little fellow, and he knew it.

Little Freddy's courage has helped me sometimes, and when I am feeling a little disturbed lest something goes wrong, I often ask myself his funny little question, "What's the use of *fraiden?*"

The good Father watches over all his children, and knows how to care for them all, and if we always remember that, we shall never give way to fear. We shall know that he cares for us better than we can for ourselves, and, like Freddy, we shall not see the use of "*fraiden.*"

For the Myrtle.

Aunt Kitty's Stories.

ONE day, when they were all at Fairhaven — for I forgot to say before, this was the name given by common consent to Aunt Kitty's; and there were reasons numerous, — for was it not a haven of delight to the city folk whenever they could get the chance, and had it not a fair prospect? And Charlie sometimes remarked that it was like getting into port to go there; then it was often a haven of rest for tired wanderers who when they came were sure to be harbored, and nourished by its benevolent owner.

Well, on this day Ned and Charlie, not having a fishing or sporting or rambling excursion on hand, thought they would go over and look after Tom and his grandmother. Now let me say, for the sake of fair play, that the poor fellow had not been neglected all this time. Ample amends had been made for their former unkindness, which had proved the means of teaching many valuable lessons to which they could look back with profit. The boys had made frequent visits to the poor shanty, for the purpose of helping the lame boy and the aged woman; sometimes they assisted in piling the wood, or making the garden, according to the improved notions of the well-trained, or of those who have had access to books. Aunt Kitty's judicious advice was, "Be on your guard, boys, and don't let self-love creep in. Otherwise, 'deeds of kindness and words of love' will not go far in making 'this world of ours like to heaven above.' Help them to help themselves as much as possible. But when the poor are sick, or helpless, or incapable, too much cannot be done for them. Remember, as you value your self-respect, help them to keep up theirs. Even encourage the old woman to do her best, as she will then enjoy life better." Ah! I wish every boy and girl in the world had an Aunt Kitty. What a blessing to have such a one in a family, to love and reverence! for imperceptibly she was aiding their parents in laying the foundation of many a fine principle, which would be their guide in after years. With her good counsel, their visit to the cot could be nought but a boon to both parties.

When they got there they found the old woman feebler than before, and as glad of a cheery word as of help. Tom was busy with his corn and potatoes in his garden patch; and although they were by no means of the best, they were as good as could be expected from him and the poor ground together. Indeed, it was no easy task for him, in his crippled state, to clear away the stones and weeds from his unpromising little acre. Nevertheless, the boys encouraged him by buying with their pocket money enough to gratify him for some time.

Now, nothing was sweeter to Tom than the fruits of his labors, and I doubt if the Queen of England enjoys many moments of such real pleasure as did our poor cripple when he thought of his "wee bit garden ground" being profitable; and he felt in full all the satisfaction of the farmer, land-owner, and master of the domain. As to Nanny, under the boys' encouragement, she thought no gardener had ever been so much to be commended.

Thus did this poor cot become a place of gladness and smiles; and when the boys were asked to read, which was invariably the case, before leaving — for as Nanny said, "I like to hear boys of learnin', it seems like one understands it better" — and the Bible was taken from the shelf, — not a worn one, with unclear type and ragged leaves, but a strong, large-printed book, which had been contributed by the Fairhaven group, and presented to these people some weeks before, — Ned involuntarily turned to the chapter which says,

"The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing.

These shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the feeble hands, and confirm the tottering knees: say ye to the faint-hearted, Be strong, fear not.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

"Master Ned always reads just what is right," said the satisfied Tom.

Nanny, who was simple — and the poor cannot all be interesting in the same degree any more than the rich — could not always appreciate to the full the imagery of the Scriptures, yet there was nothing wanting on this occasion. And indeed she always found enough for her wants, such is their beauty, power and fitness. Ned, too, in his life had never seen so fully the beauty of these words. And Charlie, with whom it was usual to look up to his cousin, for he had the greater intelligence, and was the elder of the two lads, exulted secretly in Ned's finding just what was appropriate. For you must know they were the best of friends always, Charlie's generous nature never dreaming of withholding from Ned his due, though it might put him in the shade sometimes.

So these trifling things went far to improve the condition of four poor pilgrims of the earth. Surely, saith the inspired writer, "What a great matter a little fire kindleth!"

The Chicken's Mistake.

A LITTLE downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her, —
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wishfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her;
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know,
What you will do well in heeding, —

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper spheres below,
And this is a truth worth knowing:
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going!

Phœbe Cary.

GOOD TEMPER is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.

For the Myrtle.

Pioneering.

HOW would our little Eastern readers like to leave their comfortable homes and journey to the far West, to make a new home on some prairie, where there was no other house in sight from horizon to horizon? to live in a log house rolled together in a day, a house with one or two rooms, with little windows of four panes of glass each, and a rough board door, hung with leather hinges? They might think it jolly for a few days, but we fear they would soon begin to think it a lonesome and small way of living.

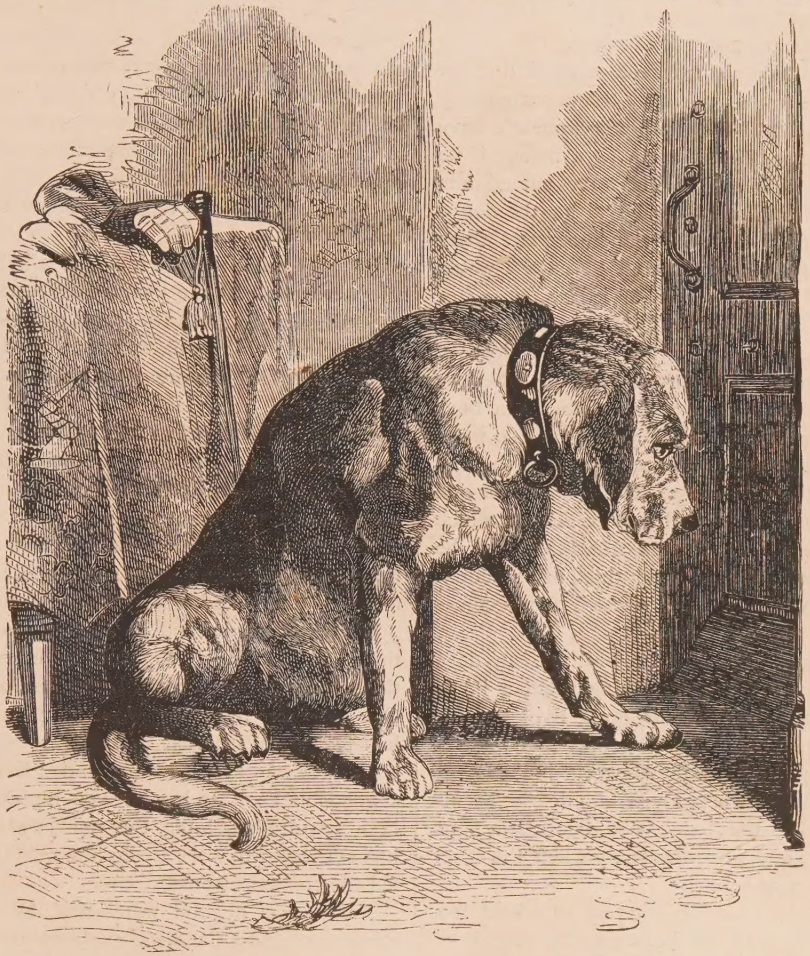
And what if, in addition to this, there were nothing to put inside the little house, — if beds had to be made of leaves and boughs, seats of boards laid across rough wooden supports, cooking done in a single kettle over an open fire out of doors, — we think they would soon be ready to return to civilization!

Yet that is just the life some young friends of ours had to live for nearly a whole summer. The house was put together, and the family all reached it safely; but the boxes of furniture that were to have gone with them strayed off in another direction, and then were delayed by freshets, and in the two or three months meantime they had to live as best they might.

They could not buy more furniture, for they had no money to spare from the farm, and every day they expected their own. So they contrived ways to be comfortable. Mr. White said they never knew half their genius before. Shawls and overcoats served for blankets, and Mrs. White placed "coverlets" of her old dresses. Nannie made comb-cases and fancy shelves, bags, chair-cushions, and everything a little girl could invent to cover up the nakedness and barrenness; while there was no end to the inventions of Will and little Ned. From doorsteps and hen-coops almost up to carved brackets and statuary, the little house showed the results of their busy hands, their knives and hammers. Meanwhile, Mr. White and Oliver were busy on the prairie with the sturdy oxen, making ready for their autumn harvests.

One day the word came from town that the boxes had come. Then wasn't there a shout of joy! All the afternoon the children watched for the returning team, which was to bring the precious boxes; for of course Mr. White and Oliver started for them at once.

Just at sunset they saw it coming through the long grass, with Oliver on the top, waving his



handkerchief. Will had mounted on the shed and waved wildly back, while Mrs. White, Nannie and Ned all ran out half-way to meet them, and the very hens cackled for joy.

"Home has come again!" cried Nannie, as the dear old boxes were opened; "home has come again!"

But when the nice things were all in their places, the children could not help feeling a little bit of regret.

"There's one thing," said Will, "we shan't have any more; and it was a jolly good thing, too, — that's the fun of fixing up."

Thus they learned a good lesson, that in all their after prosperous days they did not forget, — that there is no kind of life without its joys. In the roughest days there is "the fun of fixing up."

For the Myrtle.

Tiger.

PLEASE, mamma, tell me a story!" And what a saving it will be if I can tell it through the MYRTLE to all the little boys and girls who carry that nice little paper home from Sunday School, tucked under their chubby arms.

"A really true story," says Trot, at my elbow. Just as if all *her* stories were really true ones! Why, she makes me wink sometimes with her humbugging dreams and stories of things that *almost* happened to her.

But my story shall be a "really true, black and blue" story of a dog. I choose a dog because most of you have seen at least one of these interesting animals, and, moreover, may

have heard of one named *Tiger*. Well, this dog had the same uncommon name.

I wouldn't have named such a good dog for such a sly, savage and cruel beast, particularly as Tiger wasn't in the family and wouldn't have given his namesake so much as a mouse if he had been. Perhaps I might have named him Adolph, which means *noble wolf;* for the dog is descended from the wolf, you know, and there might be some sense in that. Perhaps I would have called him Brian, which means *strong*, or Harold, *a champion*, or Madoc, *good*. There are good names enough for all good dogs at least, and we'll name ours accordingly when we have them. But the fact is that dogs, like boys and girls, are named when young, and so when grown up their names do not always fit them, if we look at their meaning. The good father and mother name the bright baby boy Albert, which means *noble* and *bright* and *illustrious*, and he grows up into a drunkard, or thief, or murderer, it may be; or Abigail, *my father's joy*, becomes my father's sorrow instead.

So we must get along as best we can, dogs and all, with our names, making them a joyful sound to all, through our good lives, as did Tiger; for though he was only a common-looking dog with an ugly name, he made many friends, and his owners loved him dearly, particularly Caddie, the baby, who depended upon him for care and companionship when the other children were at school.

Tiger would have liked going to school, too, and frolicking with the boys and the neighbors' dogs; but when Caddie was put into his care he settled down at home much more good-naturedly than I fear a boy or girl with a better name would have done. For I've seen, with my own eyes, children who reminded me much more of tigers, when set to care for the baby, than this homely dog did. They would growl, and shake themselves, and snap and snarl, and the baby had a sorry time of it. But Tiger patiently followed the toddling steps round the house and helped her along, and if she fell down would lick her face and hands and try to amuse and comfort her by some odd caper; and when she was tired he would lie down in a nice place, and Caddie would drop her black head on his shaggy side and fall asleep, and he would not stir till she woke. Fido Brown might come with the most aggravating wagging of his tail and cocking of his ears to challenge him to a race and roll in the meadows, and Rover Smith might bring that old bone, dug up for the seventh time, and stretch out to gnaw it within reach of his nose almost; the flies might tickle his feet and his ears, but he guarded every movement, and looked about him, at his companions and then at his sleeping charge, as much as to say, "I want to more than I can tell, but I mustn't wake baby."

One day when the children had a half holiday and were going to the pasture for berries, Tiger was allowed to go with them; and as they approached an old wall, and attempted to climb it, Tiger sprang before them and drove them from the wall with loud whining and barking, and they were obliged to take another way. On their return they told their mother, who shortly after, calling Tiger, took the same path, but was not allowed to climb the wall, and found on examination that a huge nest of hornets would have been disturbed had she done so, which might have resulted in a terrible stinging.

Tiger was very proud to lead an excursion to the woods, but Rover Smith being equally ambitious, it often made trouble with these neighbors. One day on returning from a picnic Rover insisted upon leading, and Tiger by a clever trick outwitted him. He pretended to have seen a woodchuck and to have driven him into a hole in a pasture adjoining the road, and when he had set Rover to work to dig him out, he proudly led the company home.

As he was a good watch-dog, he was very much desired by Caddie's uncle in the country, and at last a separation was decided upon. He was shut up in a covered wagon and driven nearly twenty miles away to a farm-house. Then he was fed and petted, yet kept chained for several weeks; and then one warm July morning it was thought safe to let him have his liberty, — which no sooner had he obtained than, with a joyful bark, he sprang toward his old home, where he made his appearance in a few hours, covered with dust, panting with heat and thirst, and yet frantic with joy at sight of his old friends, who would never consent to his being sent away again. And I wish I could add, "He lives there still"; but some cruel or thoughtless person poisoned him, and he was found dead in the street not long after his return, was buried decently, and mourned over as a good and faithful friend by all who knew him. How will this do for his epitaph?

Here lies a dog who had his faults,
No doubt, like you and I;
But since his virtues numbered more,
We'll let his sins go by.

He made a savage name sound sweet
And welcome in our ears,
And we will hold it in our hearts
Through many coming years.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The following beautiful charity is among the good things lately undertaken by one of our working parishes: The Shawmut Street Universalist Church (Boston) has a committee, which is in attendance at the vestry on Shawmut Avenue, every Monday morning, from nine to ten o'clock, to receive contributions of flowers, fruit and pictures from all persons who have such to give for the relief of the sick and poor, not only of the parish, but where they may be found in the city.

—— Rev. J. J. Lewis, of South Boston, has written a letter to the *Leader* giving an account of his experience in his Sunday School with the one-lesson system. He takes the ground that instead of its increasing the burdens of the pastor, it lightens his labors to attend the preparatory meeting of teachers and even to lead it himself. The minister, he says, can get at least one sermon a week from the themes of the meeting; and when he sees his school all infused with a new life and zeal, it can but quicken his own pulses and strengthen his arm. His teachers, also, he says, have taken a new and surprising interest in their work. It takes definite shape before them, and grows in magnitude. All of which we are quite ready to believe, and would be glad, as we have before said, to see the experiment tried in all our schools.

MAINE.

One of our young brothers from Canton who is spending his vacation in Maine, writes to the *Banner* of his field of labor: "I find at Portland a well-organized society and a Sabbath School of ninety members. The fact that they have no settled pastor, but notwithstanding are enabled to support such a large Sabbath School, shows a spirit of earnestness in our cause which is creditable to the society and our denomination. At Kingfield I find a well-organized Sabbath School of forty-five members. They have had no preaching since last winter, but this society, too, is worthy of commendation for the interest manifested in the Sabbath School. At Anson they have no Sabbath School, but a great interest is manifested in our cause."

—— The Bangor Sunday School is again spoken of as one of the largest and best-organized and managed schools in New England. Its library now numbers two thousand and five volumes, among which are many volumes of choice reading.

CONNECTICUT.

The Sunday School at Middletown enjoyed their annual picnic July 27. A journey by rail took them to a pleasant grove near Middlefield, where with music and dance, croquet and ball-playing, and the usual bountiful refreshments, the day sped merrily. A large company of the children and their friends were present.

NEW YORK.

The *Leader* says of our cause at Conesus, "Mrs. A. B. Annis continues her patient and earnest labors in the Sunday School; and through the instrumentalities of the school and the parish, it need not take many years to build up one of the strongest organizations in Western New York."

NEW JERSEY.

A pleasant occurrence took place recently in connection with our Sunday School at Newark. It was the presentation, by the teachers, of an elegant book-case to Capt. George T. Woodbury, who has been for the past five years superintendent of the school.

OHIO.

The superintendent of our Sunday School at Springboro is Bro. William Gregg, who is well known throughout Southwestern Ohio, and elsewhere, as a firm and exemplary advocate of our faith. Bro. Gregg is nearly seventy-three years old, and yet does not feel himself too old to take an active interest in this excellent work. He is assisted by Bro. Mahlon Wright, who has passed threescore years, and several regular attendants of the school are well-nigh the journey's end. Still they "love the Sunday School" and work for its advancement. It is no wonder that that church should exercise the power it does as a moral force on that community.

VIRGINIA.

Our hearts are rejoiced by a letter from Bro. John Ross, of Fincastle, who informs us that he has "a small Sabbath School of his own" in that place. Whether it includes any but his own children we are left to conjecture. He adds, "The children are much pleased with the MYRTLE," which certainly is very gratifying news to us.

WISCONSIN.

We learn that the Universalist parish and Sunday School near Koshkonong Station, on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, are enjoying a good degree of prosperity. Rev. G. W. Lawrence, of Janesville, is doing duty as preacher and pastor, and Miss Ruth A. Graham superintends the Sunday School. An encouraging feature of this school is the promptness and general good behavior of the pupils connected with it.

Vain Thoughts.

"I hate vain thoughts," said the Psalmist David. He had good reasons for hating them. They are plagues to every one. Who can calculate the time misspent and abused in the empty, trifling, profitless thoughts that occupy the mind? not wicked thoughts, strictly speaking, but vain thoughts.

How shall we determine what vain thoughts are? Thus: if they are not beneficial, if we cannot connect them with other thoughts that are profitable, and are obliged to contend against them when we would reflect on that which is really useful. Against all such thoughts we should be watchful, lest they too often intrude themselves upon us, and lead us captive. When we think how much time in a whole life may be lost by such thoughts, the idea is a startling one. Months and years may thus go from us, leaving no good impressions, no cheering association, no rich improvement behind. Let us be on the watch against these evil intruders; and be the Psalmist's prayer ours, also: "Let the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

Sin.

Dr. Barrow, an eminent English divine, says: "Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retract from it, we shall advance in it, and the further on we go, the more we have to come back."

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON L.

PART II.

JESUS TEACHES IN CAPERNAUM.

"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

SCRIPTURE, — John vi. 35–72.

Question. — How many shall come to the Father through Christ?

Answer. — John vi. 37.

Q. — What is the heavenly Father's will?

A. — John vi. 39.

Q. — How many did the Father give to the Saviour?

A. — John iii. 35.

Q. — What did Jesus come to the world for?

A. — John vi. 38.

Q. — Why is this the will of God?

A. — John vi. 40.

Q. — Is this everlasting life something we can possess and enjoy here and now?

A. — John vi. 47.

Q. — What did the Jews say to these words of Jesus?

A. — John vi. 42.

Q. — How are men drawn to Christ through the Father?

A. — John vi. 45.

Q. — What will Jesus give for the life of the world?

A. — John vi. 51.

Q. — By what means can men obtain heavenly life?

A. — John vi. 53–56.

NOTE. Jesus confers spiritual blessings through his death as well as through his life. When we appropriate these blessings we receive life through his death upon the cross.

Q. — From whence does this bread come?

A. — John vi. 58.

Q. — By whom does Christ live?

A. — John vi. 57.

Q. — And through whom do we live the true, — the eternal life?

A. — John vi. 57.

Q. — Where did Jesus utter these teachings?

A. — John vi. 59.

Q. — Did the disciples consider this teaching difficult to comprehend?

A. — John vi. 60.

NOTE. Doubtless the difficulty was very great because the Jews believed Jesus was never to die, but always be the king of the nation. They were looking more for earthly than for heavenly blessings, and could not comprehend the Master.

Q. — What question did he ask them?

A. — John vi. 62.

NOTE. Believing he was to be King of the Jews, the ascension of Jesus would have been a mystery to them.

Q. — What did many who had followed him now do?

A. — John vi. 66.

NOTE. The twelve are not alluded to here.

Q. — What did Jesus say to the twelve?

A. — John vi. 67.

Q. — What was their answer through Peter?

A. — John vi. 68, 69.

Q. — Was there one untrue one among the twelve?

A. — John vi. 70.

NOTE. For the scriptural meaning of the word "devil" see I Tim. iii. 11; II Tim. iii. 3; Titus ii. 3; Matt. xvi. 23.

Enigma.

We walk in one continued 5, 10, 8, 6,
If good is every 3, 9, 5, 4;
If in the heart is deeply 1, 2, 10, 4, 9, 6,
The Gospel's precious 7, 8, 5, 3. *Anson.*

Answers.

AUGUST 19. Bethuel; Levi; Elimelech; Salome: Saul; Eunice; Daniel; Abel; Ruth; Esau; Tamar; Herodias; Eve; Peter: Eden; Adam; Cush; Eleazar; Mary; Aram; Keturah; Eliab; Risins; Salah. Blessed are the peacemakers.

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